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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

—At the close of another year, O friend! We have journeyed together—some for a season of years, some only for months: has the journey been without profit? To us it is a delight to cater for the class of readers who peruse this journal, though each number has been sent forth with misgivings—fearing lest it might fail fully to satisfy the expectations of patrons. But kind words and encouragement have come to us upon every hand—from the press and from subscribers; and we must think the Journal has not failed in its mission.

In the coming year we propose to do better than in the past. Three years of experience could hardly fail of suggesting those ways and means necessary to produce a good magazine: and now, as we close the third volume, we find at our disposal better aids and means than have yet been available. A desire to make a good quarterly has always inspired us to do the very best that circumstances would allow.

As the Sixth year progresses we find our beloved institution in the possession of resources which are all that could be reasonably wished for; and may promise, therefore, something better for the coming volume than has been given in those past—that our Journal shall not be second in interest, excellence and beauty, to any published in this country. Of course the price will be the same—*free to all Members of the Association*, for whose especial benefit and pleasure it is published.

We ask a continuance of the favor so generously extended to the Journal hitherto, and trust our acquaintance with friends and the press may prove a long one, pleasant and mutually profitable.

—The world of Art is second to the world of Fashion, in a practical sense—for it is true, that day dreams and night dreams, of male and female, of educated and uneducated respectability, are of dresses rather than of pictures. We can't

say that we complain of this, because fashion itself is one phase of art:—a true style and proper costume are governed, if not entirely controlled, by the artistic taste of the caterers to fashion. We are not going to preach an homily on fashion: it has already been done for us in the most capital paper "On Dress" which was given in a former number of this Journal. But we must be permitted a reference to the subject as one of the most lively pictures of the day. New-York never looked gayer than now. Costumes are elaborate and elegant, and better taste never was displayed by the female sex than in their present style of dress and ornamentation for the street and promenade. We see hundreds of visitors daily, at the Gallery, and the beauty and propriety of the goods worn are a subject of continued compliment. There is a style, however, of evening dress worn in the parlor and displayed in the opera, theatre and assembly room, which, it seems to us, is as decidedly improper as it is unhealthy, viz.: excessively low neck, bare arms, the lightest of slippers, the thinnest of under-clothes and the biggest of crinoline. It may be proper for a lady to betray her person to the very verge of immodesty—this is a question whose pros and cons we prefer to leave for others to reconcile; but, that such a costume is conducive of disease and death, is as morally and physically certain as proof and records can make it. If our ladies will show their physical charms to the utmost, and will incite the remark and challenge the questionable comments of the male sex, they should still regard life and health as having the highest claims upon their attention and time, and dress rather as good sense dictates, viz.: warmly and loosely and gracefully, rather than as vanity would impel, viz.: thinly, restrainedly, and shall we not say, *temptingly*? The highest and noblest beauty comes only from the highest degree of health and development: the style of dress to which we take exception will forbid, as surely as it is adopted, this health and development, and, therefore, for mere vanity's sake, if for no better reason, it should be forbidden.

—While on this *fashionable* subject:—Flora McFlimsey indites a note to a contemporary who dared to question the propriety of the expense of woman's dress. Denying the truth of the charge of "over dressing," she says: "I call upon you first, sir, to look at me in my ball dress;

and I select that because it is supposed that a woman in a ball dress is the costliest dressed of all women. Sir, I have not clothes enough on, as everybody can see, to keep a woman warm, to say nothing of what propriety and decency require. There is not a beggar in New-York who does not go into the street with more clothes than I have on; and yet you have the impudence to abuse me, when I reiterate, with solemn truth, my 'Nothing to Wear.' There is nothing on my arms; look at them, sir, for you may as well look at them as any other body in the street. There is nothing on my arms, from my wrists onward and upward, as you can readily see. Eve herself, in Paradise, was scarcely with less clothing than I have here on these two arms. Then, there is nothing on my neck, or next to nothing; and if a poor, humble woman of this world can wear less on her shoulders than I, the Belle Flora, wear, I should like to see and aid the poverty of that hapless woman. My robe is looped up over my shoulders; and hence the neck, bust, arms, &c., that God blessed me with when I came into the world, are just as he gave them to me! Now, sir, if you do not blush when you see this, or when I tell it to you, all I can say is, blushing is departed from man." After this we may be pardoned our strictures. It is a singular and provoking fact, however, that women "own up" to all the doctors say, and turn right around to—lower their dress another inch! Is it not so?

—The exhibition in the French and English collection of several "Pre-Raphaelite" pictures, has excited the critics to controversy as to the merits of such a portraiture of Nature, and while these gentlemen are giving their powerless dictums, a poet comes in with this quiet but effective thrust at the absurdity of such use of canvas and colors as Millais made in his "Spring:"

Take green wool, and boil it well;  
This will make your grassy dell,  
Face your Terrace, if you please,  
With the rolled out rind of cheese,  
And, beneath its mouldy shade,  
Place your Nymphs in Masquerade,  
Sitting, standing, kneeling, lying,  
Eating, drinking, sulking, sighing;  
Or, in lazy length outspread,  
With the knees above the head,  
Let them, glowering, as you pass,  
Saw the lips with bents of grass.  
In gorgeous colors let them flout,  
Like servants on their Sunday out,  
Only far more gay—and louder,

With the face all rouge and powder.  
Give the dissipated souls  
Golden spoons, and wooden bowls,  
Prank, with flowerets gay, the hair  
(Make out these, with extra care),  
And, around the vixens, strew  
Blooms of blazing red and blue,  
Whilst the solemn conclave, thus,  
Mythic Syllabubs discuss.

If the details win your praise,  
O, be careful how you gaze!  
For while these you seek to spy out,  
Apple boughs may poke your eye out;  
Forests, in one focus present,  
Coming much more near than pleasant.

Brethren of the Tea-board School!  
Why thus prone to play the fool?  
If you scorn to wander back  
To the tried—the beaten track,  
Give us careful work again,—  
Marks of study, toil, and pain:  
Nor your friendliest critics balk  
With these daubs of must and chalk.  
Art a higher aim professes  
Than the vender of silk dresses.

—The recent oration of Edward Everett, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Webster statue, in Boston, probably is one of the orator's best efforts—not excepting the oration on Washington. It is full of masterly delineation, and pays to the memory of the great statesman a tribute which the people feel to be just and right. We wish all might read it.

—Mr. Webster wrote, after considerable provocation, to the editor of a newspaper, which referred offensively to his private affairs, and especially to his not paying his debts. He said substantially: "It is true that I have not always paid my debts punctually, and that I owe money. One cause of this is, that I have not pressed those who owe me, for payment. As an instance of this, I inclose your father's note, made to me thirty years ago for money lent him to educate his boys."

—Speaking of Webster reminds us of the offering the Directory make in their Award of Premiums, of a number of sets of a most superbly cut and richly mounted testimonial to Webster and Clay, in the form of a large medallion-medal. It is a most *apropos* offering—one worthy of this really national Association.

—A friend writes to us:—As you tickle your readers with amusing anecdotes, mostly original, in your "Editorial Etchings," I thought the following "original ones" worthy of notice:

"An honest Scotch friend, having read a book in which the author endeavored to show that the Scripture prophecies refer-

red to the United States, and that the Messiah's kingdom would here be set up, was asked his opinion of it. 'Wae'll,' he replied, 'I dinna ken but it may be a' true; but if Christ does come to set up His kingdom in these United States they canna make a Know-nothing of Him.' 'Why?' we queried, wondering what next was coming. '*Because He's a foreigner!*'" was the reply.

"I have often been amused at the criticisms on the engraving 'Village Blacksmith,' by the 'unsophisticated,' some of which, if heard by the connoisseur, would cause a smile to relax the most staid countenance. A certain *temperance* friend found fault with it because the 'neck of a bottle' was seen 'sticking out' of the basket on the arm of the good dame, and thought it a slander on the good old itinerant, Sammy Hicks, to have him thus represented in proximity to the bottle."

—A lady of our parish, reading of Dr. Holmes' resolve "not to be funny as he can," had a sad experience. A friend called—she gave him books to read, and—but let her tell the story:

Since Dr. Holmes, with wholesome fears  
Of injuring fellow-man,  
Has told us that he never dares  
"Be funny as he can,"  
A host of wags, without the dread  
Of homicide before their eyes,  
By jokes have gained their "daily bread,"  
Unheeding orphans' cries.  
I had a friend—he is no more—  
Called L. Tobias Jones;  
He got to reading "Shillaber,"  
The flesh shook off his bones.  
I saw him shake, I saw his lips  
Stretched tightly o'er his shining teeth,  
His eyes protruding, and his breast  
Convulsed to catch his breath.  
I saw him, and I ran to get  
Some soberer sort of book,  
Hoping to change his mood with that,  
But still the victim shook.  
I chanced upon that wicked vol.  
Q. K. P. "Doesticks" wrote—  
My friend laughed on until the veins  
Like ropes enlaced his throat.  
In fright I threw that book away,  
And wildly caught at one  
Whose sober binding looked as if  
It never thought of fun.  
I read, and lo! in twenty lines  
My hearer's face was set  
In such a horrid look of mirth  
As I shall ne'er forget.  
Madly I sought the title-page—  
Would e'er that face relax?—  
And found I'd got my hand upon  
Some verses writ by "Saxe."  
"Tis useless all!" I cried, in pain,  
My friend to death will shake

Before I find a sober thought  
'Twill his attention take.  
I tumbled o'er a pile of books—  
I might as well have not,  
For I myself began to laugh  
At pious old "Bedott."  
Just then, while gazing at my friend  
In speechless, dread despair,  
I spied a bran new, uncut book  
Upon a library chair.  
The leaves I tore in eager haste,  
Quite disregarding trimmings,  
I plunged into a chapter of  
That queer old maid, "Miss Slimmens."  
But long before the end was near,  
Poor L. Tobias Jones  
Grinned on me from his wide arm-chair  
A fleshless rack of bones.  
Now in your ears, ye witty ones,  
Oh, let it make you dumb!  
I wish to put a little flea—  
A "flea from the wrath to come."

—From another correspondent we have this singularly beautiful and impressive description of the aurora-borealis phenomenon which lately made us a rather startling visitation. We commend the passage as one worthy of remark:

We awake at the deepest deep of night.  
What is this? neither sunlight, moonlight,  
nor starlight, yet a soft, ethereal day,  
whose roseate flush transcends the delicate  
tints of a summer dawn. We arise and  
go to the window. The earth seems  
thrilled by some mysterious passion, and  
the heavens are shedding down upon her  
a lambent, tender light. The north glows,  
rolls, and ebbs, and flows, a sea of rosy  
ether, while the south sends on its troops  
of golden waves to meet it. These aerial  
tides of glory fluctuate—they melt, and  
deepen, and rise, and fall in a turbulence  
so silent and solemn that it produces the  
effect of a mighty repose. But the earth  
is not silent. The trees shiver. The rose-  
vines trail and sweep before the breath of  
an electric current which runs to and fro,  
bending the branches of the trees together,  
and forcing them apart with new, uneasy  
movements. Whispers never heard be-  
fore thrill the restless shadows. What  
are they saying? What gorgeous pageant  
is transpiring in some far, frigid world,  
that the whole earth should be so moved  
with awe and so illuminated? Is it the  
marriage of the mighty Thor with some  
fair phantom bride, and are they passing  
to the superb cathedral of some lofty ice-  
berg, whose aisles and towers, whose win-  
dows and spires flash with golden radiance,  
waving rosy banners, and flashing silver  
spears as the wierd procession moves over  
fields of snow? We listen to hear some

strain of the magnificent anthem rolling out of those vast aisles across seas which are frozen into level calm. Ah! we hear nothing but the whisper of the foliage near us, and our baffled fancy returns to the consciousness of luxurious verdure, flowers, the warmth and bloom of summer shimmering strangely beneath that singular, glorious, almost terribly-beautiful sky. The country road, checkered with light and shadow, which lies before us, seems haunted by phantoms, which are pacing up and down, whispering in an unknown tongue, beneath the fantastic lights that shine upon them from the troubled heaven.

Shall we mar the impression produced by this truly prose-poem by the relation of a ludicrous incident of the night of the phenomenon? As we are not authorized to withhold a good thing because it happens to be funny, we shall be obliged to quote: "The other night, when the aurora-borealis overspread the firmament, the sight was so unusual as to excite not a few, and some were frightened almost out of their wits. There was Peter R., for instance, who went to the door, and saw with amazement the sky lighted up, and he concluded that the world was on fire, and that judgment-day had come. He gazed awhile in speechless terror at the scene, and with a yell of horror sprang into the yard, and ran and screamed, and prayed like an awakened sinner. This aroused his wife, who, seeing her husband running and screaming about the yard, called to him to tell her what on earth was the matter. 'Peter, what is the matter with you?' said the astonished wife, 'what makes you run and set up such a terrible noise?' But Peter said never a word to her. There was a long score of sins against him, and the time for a full settlement, as he thought, had come, and he was heedless and callous of his wife's appeals, and all other terrestrial things. The wife became intensely alarmed, and running after him, said: 'Peter, O Peter, what do you mean? for gracious sake come in the house and put on your breeches.' 'Bréeches, the d—l,' said Peter, 'what's the use of putting breeches on now—don't you see the world's on fire?'"

—We once were so unfortunate as to spoil the trade of a certain popular brewery, by "telling the tale as it was told to us," of the daily use made of one of the beer tubs by a Dutchman who had a bath of beer prescribed as a remedy for erysipelas.

Since then we have been careful of betraying the mysteries of malt, for these "sons of malt-a'" are ugly customers when you once impugn the character of their beer. But, the relation of the following, by a Philadelphia correspondent of one of our excellent cotemporaries, relieves us of any responsibility in the premises. So "here goes"—as good imbibers are wont to preface a good drink:

A Lager story which is going the rounds of the papers, the point of which is, that the Dutchman "forgot to take the soap out of the mug when he shaved himself last," reminds me of an incident that occurred not long since in "Camptown." I found myself up-town one evening and dropped in at the — Hose House, to see my friend engineer—(never mind the name), who is a member of that company. We chatted awhile upon our adventures in attending the Brooklyn celebration, when he remarked, "States, I am dry, suppose we get some lager." Nothing loath, we adjourned to a little crib in the neighborhood, and called for "Swi beer." Our engineer while drinking felt something bobbing against his nose, and upon fishing for the cause, drew out a small object of a cylindrical shape and perfectly white. "What the d—l's that?" he exclaimed, with a very perceptible grimace. "Dat?" replied the Dutchman—"Oh, donder and blixen! I was using dat mug jest ein little vile for a candlestick, and forgot to take him out!" Engineer — made one lounge for Deutscher, who dodged him,—and another for the door, outside of which he lodged lager and supper. He drank nearly twenty glasses of lager at other places that night—as he said—"to take that infernal tallowy taste out his mouth;" but he *looked in the mugs every time.*

—Winchell, the drollerist, has, according to his own stories, a good many adventures—particularly funny when he relates them. His last is of a trip from Cleveland to Columbus, Ohio, "on a train," of course. On the cars was one of the real genus Yankee. Finding that Winchell was a man to be talked to, the following colloquy is reported to have taken place:

"Goin' ter Klumbus?"

"Yes." (Gruffly.)

"Goin' any further?"

"No."

"Goin' ter stop in Klumbus?"

"Yes."

"Goin' ter see any friends there?"

"No."

"Goin' to do enny kind o' work there?"

"Yes."

"Goin' ter start business on yer own hook?"

"No."

"What are ye goin' there for?"

"Going for seven years!"

The Yankee's curiosity was almost satisfied.

—Talking of "going up," we have before us the following, which is declared to be a "veritable transaction." "A few nights since I attended a meeting in the colored church of our village. The preacher was 'brother Johnson.' His exordium was: 'Bruddren, I'm gwine to gib you a sample ob de pious and onpious man. Now you are de onpious, and whar do ye spouse ye'll go to when ye die? I know! Ye'll go down, down into de pit! [Tremendous sensation.] Yes, an' dar ye'll burn an' burn foreber! No use hollerin' dar, 'cause you can't git out! [Shuddering throughout the congregation.] 'But, bruddren, where shall I go?' resumed the speaker, rolling up his eyes. 'I shall go up, up, up, an' de good Lord'll see me comin', and he'll say, 'Angels, make way dar.' An' de angels'll say, 'What fur, Lord, what fur? An' den de Lord'll speak up sharp an' say, 'I tell ye, angels, make way dar; don't ye see Johnson's a comin'?'"

—Everybody now-a-days wears a beard, that is, if he can raise one. The true beard is patriarchal and dignified—makes a man look every inch a man. The whisker and goatee and solitary mustache, all give one the impression of something unfinished, or imperfectly developed. It requires consummate good taste to shave and leave a portion of the hair on the face so as to make it look well and proper. When a man can grow a good beard, it will, he may be sure, be an adornment to let it grow; but, the barbers save us from the efforts to "cultivate" the down on some faces, where a beard will not grow to any greater length or to any better color, than frost on a pine board. The mustache, without the beard beneath, is rarely in good taste. The child that said to its father when he came home from the continent, with a heavy upper lip of hair: "Why, pa, what a big eyebrow you have got on your lip," would not have made the remark had the face been properly covered below.

The value of a beard is estimated by some at a low figure, as we learn from this incident, related by a friend: A certain very popular young minister, a mem-

ber of the Oneida Conference of the M. E. Church, was called to this city to make an address at an anniversary of one of our charitable societies. It was about the time that long beards were first becoming fashionable. The young clergyman wore a handsome beard, *then* not as common as at the present day. The subject of beards was discussed just previous to the meeting, and our young friend declared that if any one would put twenty dollars into the plate for the object for which he was about to plead, his beard should come off. The sum named was contributed, and the next morning the clergyman appeared with a clean face!

We know of one young man who has made *his* beard worth two hundred thousand dollars. The story is: he was a beardless youth; when, addressing a young, gay, capricious girl, with whom he was desperately enamored, in the most acceptable form of a declaration, he was answered by the beauty that she "did not mean to marry a woman." This set him back *some*; but, nothing daunted, he went into the cultivation of the *hirsute*—as he might have said. At the end of two years he found his face clad like a patriarch, when he again besieged the lady's heart and—conquered. His beard did the work for him and was credited with the lady's dowry—just two hundred thousand dollars!

—A "composing draught" may be said to be a draft for ten thousand dollars, given to a man in a "failing" condition. Also good for restoring "suspended" animation. "Capital," too, when a man is impressed that a "tight" time is coming. In act, it is apt to inspire a man with a contempt for sheriffs, coroners, and courts—except the courts over which pretty girls preside until two o'clock in the morning. Ten thousand dollars! Won't some of our friends open the door and let in a *draft*?


—Here is a story told by the *Providence Post*: "A clergyman, from a town near Providence, and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured he was not much hurt, said to him: 'Friend, sinners stand on slippery places.' The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, 'I see they do, but I can't.'"

—The exquisite designs on pages 206 and 207, are by the late J. A. Dallas—an artist of rare excellence in his peculiar department of design. He died as his powers were just becoming matured, leaving behind him a fine reputation for what he had done, and regrets that he should have been taken away so early, to leave so much undone. The designs of his pencil are not numerous—those we give being among his last. How appropriate are they for the season of the Christmas festival! Our young readers, particularly, will thank us for giving the exquisite designs a place in this number.

—The frequent transfer of matter from the pages of this journal to other papers and magazines, without a shadow of credit, compels us, very reluctantly, to copyright each number. We have seen over thirty papers containing the remarkable stories, "Painted in Character" and "The Phantom Wife," and not one of them credited this journal! Such discourtesy we shall not suffer; and, hereafter, we shall positively require all newspapers and magazines copying from us to give express and explicit credit. Where that is done, we shall be pleased to have the press avail itself of our carefully chosen and heavily paid for matter.

—This present number "speaks for itself," as the word goes. It is offered, not only as a specimen of what American printers, designers, and engravers, can do, but also as an evidence of the excellence of the autorial talent which we bring to bear in catering for the members of the Association—to all of whom the journal is sent free. We design to furnish, in all respects, a good magazine—one which shall compare favorably with any published in this country. Let this number be compared with the current issue of any of our "popular" monthlies, and see if it suffers by contrast. The matter used is mostly original, prepared expressly for us at considerable cost, by eminent authors; though we do not hesitate to transfer to our pages a capital story or poem which may come to us from over the sea, providing it exactly meets our taste and wants. As an instance, we give, in this number, a very extraordinary narrative, "A Night with Spectres," adapted from "Blackwood." It is abridged fully one half, and so modified as to render it more impressive, because more probable and more brief than the original.

## HOLIDAY OFFERINGS.

EAR reader of the ART JOURNAL, let us, in advance of the time, extend to you a holiday greeting—a merry time for Christmas, and a glad one for New-Year! We have done our part to add to your home-comfort, and trust we have earned a hold upon your friendly consideration. Let us, then, ask your attention to the following:

The ART JOURNAL, as an elaborately illustrated magazine, makes a most beautiful companion for the table of the parlor, the library, the boudoir, or the office. Each year comprises a volume of over two hundred large 4to pages, which, when appropriately bound, will make a real treasure of art and literature—a perpetual source of satisfaction and enjoyment.

The engraving of *Shakspeare and his Friends* is, without doubt, the most valuable and appropriate of any ever offered to the people and the homes of America. Let others speak of its great merit, however, as the press of the whole country is doing; it is for us to accept their verdict, and to direct attention to it. As a work of true art, it is a *desirable* companion for every home, office, and study. It is not only a source of pleasure to all who look upon it, but a messenger of good for the taste it develops, the beauty it develops. The work ought to find its way into every house where intelligence and good taste have their abiding-place.

Dear reader! The season of the holidays will soon be here, when you will be called upon to chose some gift for your beloved ones, some token of your remembrance to friend or relative. Can anything be more beautiful and appropriate than what is placed within your easy reach by the Association? Can THREE DOLLARS, applied in any other way, bring one half the satisfaction which will come from the possession of the year's ART JOURNAL, the beautiful engraving of *Shakspeare and his Friends*, and a certificate in the premium awards, by which the owner may become the possessor of a rich and exquisite work of art from the hand of some excellent artist? We are *sure* no such offering ever before was made, and we hope every friend of pure art and literature, who contemplates a holiday gift to male or female friend, old or young, will bear in mind these COSMOPOLITAN OFFERINGS.